


BISHOP COLEMAN'S TRAMP.

He Constructs Rude Altars in the Forest and Conducts Services With Birds for His Hearers.

Wilmington (Del.) Special to New York World.
After a tramp of eleven days in the moun-

in towns of Virginia, in which he covered 230 miles, Bishop Leighton Coleman, of the Episcopal diocese of Delaware, has returned to his home here, and to his friends is relating the interesting experiences he had.

In these walks he prefers to be unknown, so that he will not be embarrassed by people who desire to entertain him, and may the more enjoy the walks.

On previous trips the bishop has at times been unable to procure accommodations at night and has slept in haystacks or in

One of the amusing incidents of the trip was when the bishop became sick one day and lay down under a tree for the purpose of taking a nap. He had scarcely become comfortable when two men passed and one of them remarked:

"Well, that old fellow certainly has a good tag on." The bishop smiled, for the idea of a testator and the bishop of Delaware being intoxicated was too much for him.

Though he has been walking since 1961 the bishop on this trip for the first time met

Another man who was walking merely for the pleasure of walking. He was an Austrian, and the bishop was able to give him some valuable information about the roads. The bishop thinks he was too well dressed. The man was walking at a good rate, but not comfortably. The Austrian was traveling in an opposite direction and so the bishop saw him but for a few minutes. The Austrian was from Chicago, and it was his first day out.

The weather was warm for a part of the trip and this accounted for the compara-

The distance would be considerable for any one day, but short for the bishop. The best way was made.

One day, in all the bishop was gone from this city thirteen days, but he walked upon but eleven. The other days were Sundays, upon which he did not walk. Not being near a church and not desiring to reveal his identity, had he been, the bishop spent Sundays in the woods of the mountains by himself. There alone with his God he created rule and law, and he was the law and he was himself. He conducted his services.

There was the usual curiosity to find out why the bishop walked. One man wondered why it was that a man of such intelligence had become a tramp. Some of the women thought he was a revivalist, others after moonshiners. Some inquired what business he was in, but to all of these questions the bishop was able to give satisfactory answers without revealing his identity.

SMALL LUNCHEONS.

No Better Way of Encouraging Intimacy and Friendship Between Women.

There is nothing difficult in giving a small luncheon and no better way of encouraging intimacy or friendship between women, who see nothing of each other at

The invitations may be sent out a week

in advance and written informally, as follows:
My Dear Mrs. Thompson:
Will you take luncheon with me informally on Saturday, October the fourth, at half-past one o'clock?
Sincerely yours,
MARY ROBINSON.
25 Hill street,
October the seventh.
Courtesy demands that an immediate reply should be sent to such an invitation, in order that the hostess may fill the va-

The hostess should make her arrangements so carefully that she has nothing to do when her guests arrive but to give her attention to them. In going in to luncheon the hostess may find the party waiting. If she has been told that the guests will be waiting, she should ask her friends to precede her. At such an informal affair she usually tells the guests where to sit. It is the duty of the guests to make themselves agreeable, and if by any inadvert-

As for the luncheon itself, the repast may be simple, but the table must be perfect in its appointments. A square of white embroidery on the linen is sometimes used on a mahogany table. A dish of maidenhair fern in the center or a few flowers in vases here and there will be sufficient for decoration. The silver, glass and china must be spotless. Bouillon in cups, oyster pat-

Too Much Bait for His Fish.

From the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

They were passing a good story at the court house yesterday afternoon concerning a young lawyer who was admitted to practice a short time ago and recently hung out his shingle. His office isn't a very

"James," said the rising disciple of Blackstone, getting up from a couch at the time, "I'll make a step around to the First National bank and tell them that the amount of that draft isn't quite right; it should be \$1,525, instead of \$1,520, and before you re-

turn drop into Mr. Johngare's office and tell him I've collected that \$10.00 claim of his. While you're there step across the hall and inform Mr. Fogoboll that unless that note for \$10.00 is paid in the next morning I shall begin forcing the great deadliners. Don't lose any time as I've a good deal of work for you this morning."

"Be hiving," gasped the client prospective, who had progressed as far as the doorway into the inner office. "This be's no place for me wid er two dollar fifty cent claim ter klect," and he departed.

Interruptions Ceased.
From Spare Moments.

A clergyman who had been greatly annoyed by the continued interruption to which he had been subjected during the delivery of his sermons, stopped abruptly, and looking around at the congregation spoke as follows:

"Some time ago, while delivering a sermon, I was frequently interrupted by a gentleman sitting in front of me, who gesticulated, moved about and whispered to

his neighbors, and him, should reprimand for his unseemly conduct. When the service was over my clerk in the vestry mentioned the matter to me, and asked if I was ignorant of the fact that the person addressed was an idiot. I have since then always hesitated to reprimand any of my own congregations for interrupting me in fear that it may be addressed an idiot, who is not responsible for his actions."

Silence reigned throughout the delivery of the remainder of his sermon.

Syndicated.

From the Harlem Life.

He—"Are all J. Millionaire Crawford's daughters married?"

She—"Yes, all five of them."

He—"Married some English syndicate, I suppose."
